

The Pilgrim's Shell

—OR— FERGAN THE QUARRYMAN

A Tale From the Feudal Times

By EUGENE SUE

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH

By DANIEL DE LEON

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PART III.—THE COMMUNE OF LAON.

CHAPTER I

THE RISE OF THE COMMUNES.

For centuries Laon had for its temporal seigneur the bishop of the diocese, and figured from the start among the foremost cities of Picardy. Since the Frankish conquest, and down to the date of the events here narrated (1112), Laon constituted part of the special domains of the kings. Clovis made himself master of the city through the treason of Saint Remy, who baptized that crowned bandit at Rheims. Clovis' wife, Clotilde, founded in the city the collegiate church of Saint Peter, and later Brunhild built a palace there. A bishop of Laon, Adalberon, the paramour of Queen Imma, was her accomplice in the poisoning of Lothair, the father of Louis the Indolent,—homocidal example that was soon imitated upon himself by his Queen, Blanche, another adulterous poisoner, who, through the murder committed by her, confirmed the usurpation of Hugh Capet, to the injury of the last Carlovingian king. Charles, Duke of Lorraine, the uncle of Louis the Indolent, having become through the latter's death the heir of the crown of the Frankish kings, took possession of Laon. Hugh Capet besieged him there, and, after several assaults, succeeded in capturing the city, thanks to the connections that Adalberon, the adulterer and poisoning bishop, had preserved in the place. Since then, Laon continued as a sovereign ecclesiastical seigniory, but always under the suzerainty of the French King. In the year 1112, the date of this narrative, the reigning king was named Louis the Lusty. As obese as, but much less indolent than his father, Philip I., the excommunicated lover of the handsome Berthrade who died in 1108, Louis the Lusty did not, like his father, submit to the affronts and vexations of the feudal seigneurs; he waged war to the knife against them to the end of extending with their spoils his own domains, that then took in only Paris, Melun, Compiegne, Etampes, Orleans, Montlhery, Puiset and Corbeil. Thus, in addition to the scourge of the private wars among the seigneurs, the people bent under the affliction of the wars of the king against the seigneurs, and of the Normans against the king. The Normans, the descendants of old Rolf the Pirate, had conquered England under their duke William. But, although settled down in that ultramarine country, the Kings of England preserved in Gaul the duchy of Normandy and Gisors, and from thence dominated the territory of Vexin, almost to the gates of Paris, waging incessant war upon Louis the Lusty. Thus Gaul continued to be ravaged by bloody strife, with none other than the people, the serfs and villeins, as the perpetual victims. The wretched agricultural plebs, decimated by the execrable craze of the Crusades, that held out despite the recapture of Jerusalem by the Turks, found itself crushed by a double burden, their decreased numbers being compelled by increased labor to provide for the needs, the prodigalities and the debaucheries of the clergy and the seigneurs.

The bourgeois and other townsmen, better organized, better able to realize their power, above all more enlightened than the serfs of the fields, had revolted in many cities against their lay or ecclesiastical seigneurs, and, by dint of daring, of energy and stubbornness, had, at the price of their own blood, regained their freedom and secured the abolition of the degrading and shameful rights that the feudal families had been long enjoying. A small number of cities, even without resorting to arms, had, by virtue of great pecuniary sacrifices, purchased their enfranchisement from the seigniorial rights, with round sums of money. Delivered from their former secular and creed servitude, the city populations celebrated with enthusiasm all the circumstances connected with their emancipation. Thus, on April 15, 1112, the bourgeois merchants and artisans of the city of Laon were in gala since early morning. From one side to the other of the streets, male and female neighbors called one another from their windows and exchanged gladsome salutations.

"Well, neighbor," said one, "the bright anniversary of the inauguration of our Commune Hall and belfry has arrived!"

"Do not mention it, neighbor; I have not slept all night! With my wife and children we were up till three o'clock in the morning burnishing up my iron casque and coat of mail. Our armed militia will add great luster to the ceremony. May God be praised for this great day!"

"And the procession of our artisans' guilds will be no less superb! Would you believe it, neighbor, that I, who during all my life of a carpenter have not, as you may imagine, ever held a needle in my hands, helped my wife to sew together the stripes of our new banner?"

"Thank God, the weather will be beautiful for the ceremony. Look how clear and brilliant the dawn is!"

"Couldn't be otherwise! Such a feast could not lack good weather. I expect that when I shall hear for the first time the peals from our communal belfry every clank will make my heart bound!"

These dialogues and many others, naive testimony of the joy of the inhabitants of Laon, took place along the length of all the streets from house to house, from the humblest to the richest. Almost all the windows, opened since the break of day, exposed to view the laughing faces of men, women and children, all actively engaged with preparations for the festivities.

The gladness stir in almost all the quarters of the city, rendered all the more striking the gloomy and sombre and, so to say, sullen aspect of a certain number of dwellings of ancient architecture, and whose gates were, as a rule, flanked by two

turrets with pointed roofs, surmounted with a weather-vane. Not a chink of these dwellings, blackish with age, was open on this morning. They belonged to the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the metropolitan church, or to noble knights, who, not owning estates large enough to live in the country, inhabited the cities, and ever sided against the bourgeois and with the lay or ecclesiastical seigneur. Accordingly, in Laon, these clergymen and knights were designated as the *episcopals*, while the inhabitants, who, according to the language of the day, "took the oath of the Commune," were called the *communiers*. The antique turrets of the dwellings of the episcopals were at once a species of fortification and a symbol of the nobility of their origin. On that morning, these dwellings, silent and shut up, seemed to denote the displeasure given to the noble episcopals by the rejoicings of the Laonese laboring classes.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHARTER OF LAON.

But there were other dwellings, also flanked with turrets, besides those of the nobles. These others were gaily decorated, and the whiteness of their masonry, contrasting with the aspect of the ancient architecture of the nobles, to which they seemed to be annexes, bespoke a more recent date.

One of these establishments, thus fortified only a short time since, lay at the corner of Exchange street, the leading mercantile thoroughfare of the city. The old door, whose threshold and lintels were of stone, and at either side of which rose two white and high turrets recently built, had been thrown open at the very first break of day, and several townsmen were seen going in and out. They came for certain instructions on the ceremonies. In one of the chambers of this dwelling sat Fergan and Joan the Hunchback. It was about twelve years since they had left the Holy Land. The hair and beard of Fergan, now over forty years of age, began to betray streaks of gray. He was no longer the serf of olden days—restless, savage, tattered. His features breathed happiness and serenity. Equipped almost wholly as a soldier, he wore a jacket of iron mail and a corselet of steel. He was seated near a table at which he wrote. Joan, clad in a robe of brown wool, and wearing on her head a sober bonnet, from under which a long white veil fell upon her shoulders, looked no less blissful than her husband. On the sweet face of this brave mother, once so severely tried, the expression of profound felicity was depicted. At the request of Fergan she had just drawn from an old oaken cabinet a little iron casket, which she placed upon the table where Fergan was writing. The casket, an inheritance from Gildas the Tanner, contained several parchment scrolls, yellow with the age of centuries, besides the several relics so dear to the family of the Gallic chief Joel, and among which was the silver cross of Genevieve, together with the pilgrim's shell that Fergan had taken from Nero-weg VI in the desert of Syria. Fergan had just finished transcribing on a parchment a copy of the communal charter, under which, for the last three years, the city of Laon was free and led a peaceful and flourishing existence. The quarryman wished to join the copy of that charter to the archives of the family of Joel, as a witness of the awakening spirit of freedom of his own days, and of the inexorable resolution of the people to battle against the kings, the clergymen and the seigneurs, descendants or heirs of the Frankish conquest. For the last fifteen or twenty years back, other cities besides Laon, driven to extremities by the horrors of feudalism, had, some through insurrection, others through great sacrifices of money, obtained similar charters, under shelter of which they governed themselves like republics, similar to the heroic and brilliant days of Gaul's independence, centuries before the invasions of the Romans. The copy of the communal charter of Laon, the original of which, deposited in the Mayor's office, bore the name and signature of Gaudry, bishop of the diocese of Laon, and of Louis the Lusty, King of the French, ran as follows:

CHAPTER OF THE COMMUNE OF LAON.

I.

All men, domiciled within the walls of the city and in its suburbs, belonging to any seigneur who holds as a fief the territory which they inhabit, shall swear allegiance to this Commune.

II.

Throughout the full extent of the city each shall render assistance to the other, loyalty and to the best of his ability.

III.

The men of this Commune shall be free holders of their goods. Neither the King, nor the Bishop, nor any other, shall be entitled to make any levy upon them, except by the judgment of their own town council.

IV.

Each shall, on all occasions, observe fidelity towards those who shall have taken the oath of the Commune, and shall aid them with deed and advice.

V.

Within the limits of the Commune, all the men shall mutually help one another, according to their power; and they shall in no wise, whatever it be, suffer the seigneur, Bishop or any other, to distract any property from them, or compel them to pay imposts.

VI.

Thirteen Councilmen shall be elected by the Commune. One of these councilmen shall be elected Mayor by the suffrage of all those who shall have taken the oath of the Commune.

VII.

The Mayor and the Councilmen shall make oath to favor no person by reason of friendship, and to render an equitable decision in all matters, according to their powers; all others shall take the oath of obedience and to sustain with arms the decisions of the Mayor and Councilmen. When the bell of the belfry shall sound to assemble the Commune, anyone who does not attend shall pay a fine of twelve sous.

VIII.

If anyone injure a man who shall have taken the oath of the Commune of Laon, a complaint being lodged with the Mayor and Councilmen, they shall, after due trial, enforce justice upon the body and property of the guilty party.

IX.

If the guilty party takes refuge in a fortified castle, the Mayor and Councilmen shall notify the seigneur of the castle, or his lieutenant. If in their opinion satisfaction shall have been rendered against the guilty party, that will suffice; but if the seigneur refuses satisfaction, they shall themselves enforce justice upon the property and upon the men of said seigneur.

X.

If any member of the Commune shall have entrusted his money to some one of the city, and he to whom the money has been so entrusted takes refuge in some strong castle, the seigneur having been notified, shall either return the money, or drive the debtor from his castle. If the seigneur does neither, justice shall be enforced upon his goods and his men.

XI.

Whenever the Mayor and the Councilmen shall desire to fortify the city, they shall be free to do so on whatever seigneur's territory it may be.

XII.

The men of the Commune shall be free to grind their corn, and bake their bread wherever they please.

XIII.

If the Mayor and Councilmen of the Commune require money for the use of the city, and raise a tax, they may levy the same on the inheritances and property of the townsmen, and on the sales and profits made in the city.

XIV.

No stranger, a copy-holder of any Church or seigneur, and established outside of the city and its suburbs, shall be included in the Commune without the consent of his seigneur.

XV.

Whosoever shall be received in this Commune shall build a house within the space of one year, or shall purchase vineyards, or shall bring into the city moveable property, to the end that justice may be enforced, should a complaint be raised against him.

XVI.

If anyone slander the Mayor in the exercise of his functions, the slanderer's house shall be demolished, or he shall pay ransom for the same, or he shall deliver himself to the mercy of the Councilmen.

XVII.

No one shall molest or vex the strangers of the Commune. If any dare so do, he shall be deemed a violator of the Commune, and justice shall be enforced upon his person and his property.

XVIII.

Whosoever shall have wounded with arms any one who, like himself, shall have taken the oath of the Commune, then, unless he justifies his act under oath or with witnesses, he shall lose his hand, and shall pay nine livres; six for the fortifications of the city and of the Commune, three for the ransom of his hand. If he is unable to pay, he shall leave his hand at the mercy of the Commune.

Fergan had just finished transcribing the charter, when the door of his room opened. Colombaik stepped in. A young and comely wife of eighteen years at the most accompanied him. The son of the quarryman, a fine strapping young man of twenty-two, united in the expression of his face the sweetness of his mother and the energy of his father. Like the latter, he also was clad half townsman half soldier. His casque of black steel, ribbed with shining iron, imparted a martial air to his pleasing and open countenance. He carried a heavy crossbow on his shoulder. From his right side hung a leather hostler that held the bolts needed for his weapon. His wife, Martine, only daughter of the old age of Gildas, the elder brother of Bezenecq the Rich, was of the age and endowed with the charms of Isoline, a victim like her father of the cupidity of Nero-weg VI.

"Father!" Colombaik cried out joyfully upon entering the room and alluding to his war-like outfit, "in your quality of constable of our bourgeois and artisan militia, do you find me worthy of figuring in the troop? Does Colombaik, the soldier, make you forget by his martial outfit Colombaik, the townsman a.c. tanner?"

"Thank heaven, Colombaik the soldier will not, I hope, have occasion to blot out Colombaik the tanner," put in Joan with her sweet smile, "any more than Fergan the constable will have occasion to blot out Fergan the master quarryman. You will both continue to battle, you with your beaters against the hives in the tannery, your father with his pick against the stones of his quarry. Is not that your hope and desire, dear Martine?" Joan added, turning to the wife of her son.

"Certainly, my good mother," responded Martine. "Fortunately they are far behind, those evil days when the bourgeois and artisans of Laon, in order to escape the exactions of the bishop, of the clergymen, and of the knights, often had to barricade themselves in their houses and sustain a regular siege; and when, but too often, despite their resistance, their houses were entered and they were carried to the episcopal palace, where they were tortured for ransom. What a difference, my God, since we have been living under the Commune! We now are so free, so happy!" But Martine added with a sigh: "Oh, I regret that my poor father did not live to witness the change! His last moments would not have been saddened by the uneasiness that our future gave him. Seeing the terrible acts of violence indulged in by Bishop Gaudry, together with the nobles, against the inhabitants of Laon, acts that might any day have reached us as they reached so many others among our neighbors, my father always had before him the frightful fate of my uncle Bezenecq and his poor daughter Isoline!"

"Be at ease, my dear wife," rejoined Colombaik; "those accursed days shall not return! No, no! To-day old Gaul bristles with free Communes, as three hundred years ago it bristled with feudal castles. The Communes are our fortresses! Our belfry tower is our donjon. We no longer have to fear the seigneurs!"

"Ah, Martine, my sweet child," said Joan with deep emotion to the wife of her son, "happier than we, you happy youngsters will not see your children and your husbands enduring the horrors of servitude."

"Yes, we, the bourgeois and artisans of the cities are emancipated," Fergan rejoined pensively; "but serfdom presses as cruelly now as in the past upon the serfs of the fields. I fought, for that reason, with all my power, the clause in our charter that excludes from the Commune the serfs living outside of the village, or those who do not possess money enough to build a house here. Is it not to exclude them, when the consent of their seigneurs, or a sufficient sum with which to build a house in the city is required from them, who own not even their own arms? And yet, that sole wealth of the industrious man is equal to any other." Turning then to Martine: "Oh, the father of your father and of Bezenecq spoke like a whole-souled and wise man when, years ago, while vainly inciting the townsmen to the insurrections that are to-day breaking out in so many cities of Gaul, he aimed, not at the revolt of the bourgeois and artisans merely, but also at that of the serfs. Serfs and bourgeois united would not be long in crushing the seigniories. But reduced to its own forces, the task of the bourgeoisie will be long and arduous. . . . We must be prepared for fresh struggles."

"And yet, father," interposed Colombaik, "since the day when, in consideration of a good round sum, the bishop renounced his seigniorial rights and sold us our freedom for cash, has he ever dared to ride the high horse against us,—he, that brutal Norman warrior, who, before the establishment of the Commune, had the eyes of townsmen put out and often killed them for the mere offense of having condemned his acts of shameful debauchery,—he, who in his own cathedral, only four years ago, killed with his own hands the unhappy Bernard des Bruyeres? No, no; despite his wickedness, Bishop Gaudry knows full well that, if, after pocketing our money as a consideration for giving his consent to our Commune, he were to try to return to his former practices, he would pay dear for his perfidy. Three years of freedom have taught us to prize the sacred boon. We would know how to defend it, arms in hand, like the Communes of Cambrai, Amiens, Abbeville, Noyon, Beauvais, Rheims, and so many others."

"For all that, Colombaik," remarked Martine, "I cannot help trembling when I see Black John, that African giant, who once was the bishop's hangman, cross the streets of our city. That negro seems ever to be plotting some act of cruelty, like some savage beast, that but waits for some opportune moment to snap its chain."

"Be at ease, Martine," Colombaik answered with a smile. "The chain is solid, no less solid than that which holds that other bandit, Thiegaud, the serf of the Abbey of St. Vincent, and fa-

vorite of Bishop Gaudry, who familiarly calls him his friend 'Ysengrin,' a name given by children to the companion of the wolf. But, would you believe it, mother, that Thiegaud, a fellow stained with all imaginable crimes, that abominable reprobate, yet adores his daughter."

"Even the wild beasts love their young ones," answered Joan. "Did not Worse than a Wolf, our former seigneur, with whom your father fought when we were in Palestine, weep when he thought of his son?"

"That's true, mother; and so it is with this other wolf Thiegaud. The tenant of the little farm that your father left us, my dear Martine, was telling me yesterday that a short time ago Thiegaud's daughter came near dying, and he was almost crazed with grief. Moreover the wretch is as jealous of the chastity of his daughter as if he himself had led a clean life! The scamp tried to rob us, I am sure. When our tenant mentioned Thiegaud's name to me it was because the fellow pretended to want to buy in the name of the bishop, who is a passionate hunter, as you know, a young colt raised on our meadow."

"Take care!" said Fergan warningly. "The bishop is over head and ears in debt. If you sell the horse you will receive no money."

"I know the fine sire! I told our tenant: 'If Thiegaud pays cash for the horse, sell it to him; if not, don't.' The days are gone by when the seigneurs had the right to buy on credit, which is to say, the right to buy without ever paying. To try and compel them to pay was tantamount to placing liberty and even life in jeopardy. To-day, however, if the bishop should dare rob a communier, the Commune would enforce justice upon the episcopals, whether they willed it or not. That's the text of our charter, signed, not by the bishop only, but also by King Louis the Lusty—a signature, 'tis true, that

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by the insolence of their menials. It is a grave symptom, an indication of their resentment."

"Good! A ridiculous rancor, and nothing else!" said Colombaik smiling disdainfully. "Those holy canons and their noble pursuivants do not forgive the bourgeois for being free like themselves, and for having, like themselves, and when they please, turrets to their houses—a pleasure that I have bestowed upon myself, thanks to the finest stones of your quarry, father. Thus, our tannery could now sustain a siege against those ill-tempered episcopals. Besides, I have contrived for Martine a pretty little alcove in one of the turrets, and her initials, cut by me in copper, glisten in the weather-vane from the top of our turrets, just as the initials of a lady of rank."

"It will, no doubt, be more than ever well to have a strong house," observed Fergan. "It is not the weather-vanes on our turrets, but thick walls that trouble the episcopals."

"They will have to become accustomed to our strong houses. If not, by heaven—"

"No passion, Colombaik," put in the benign Joan, again interrupting the impetuous young man. "Your father has made the same observation that I did; and since the retainers of the knights look provoking, their masters must be near becoming so themselves. This morning's ceremony will surely, for more reasons than one, attract a large number of episcopals along the line of the procession. For heaven's sake, my child, no rashness!"

"Do not alarm yourself, Joan," rejoined Fergan, "we are too conscious of our good rights and of the strength of the Commune, not to keep cool in sight of mere insolence. But prudence does not exclude firmness."

Hardly had the quarryman pronounced these words when the door flew open, and a young and attractive woman entered with a pert air. She was a bruitette, sprightly and handsomely dressed, like the rich bourgeois that she was. An orange-colored silk petticoat was fastened to her exquisite waist with a silver belt; her skirt, made of fine Arras cloth and bordered with marten fur, hardly reached her knees; on her black hair, that shone like jet, she wore a bonnet, red like her stockings, which set off her well-shaped calves; finally, her feet were shod in smart shoes of shining Morocco leather. Simonne, that was her name, was the wife of Ancel Quatre-Mains, a master baker, renowned throughout the city of Laon and even the suburbs, for the excellence of his bread, his cream tarts, his honey cakes, his almond wafers and other dainties that were confectioned in his shop. He also drove the trade of flour merchant, and the Commune had chosen him one of its Councilmen. Ancel Quatre-Mains—the name was due to his prodigious quickness in kneading the dough—presented a singular contrast to his wife,—as calm and thoughtful as she was pert and giddy-headed, as chary of words as she was loquacious, as corpulent as she was lithesome. His physiognomy betokened imperturbable good-nature, coupled in his instance with a lively sense of justice, a generous heart, and extraordinary skill at his trade.

Wishing to please his pretty wife, whom he loved as much as he was loved by her, the master baker had harnessed himself in war accoutrements. A large number of townsmen, until then deprived of the right to carry arms—a right exclusively reserved to the seigneurs, the knights and their pursuivants—found a pleasure and a triumph in such martial arrays. Ancel Quatre-Mains only slightly shared their taste; but in order to suit Simonne, who was greatly captivated by the military garb, he had put on a gobison, a species of strongly bolstered and thick leather corselet, that, not having been measured for him, pressed in his chest and caused his prominent stomach to protrude still more. On the other hand, his iron casque, much too large for him, kept falling over his eyes, an inconvenience that the worthy baker corrected from time to time by pushing his unlucky headgear to the back of his head. At times his legs also got entangled with the long sword that swung from a buff shoulder-belt, embroidered with red silk and silver thread by Simonne herself, who wished to imitate the tokens of approval bestowed by the noble ladies upon their gallant knights. Ancel had long been the friend of Fergan, who loved and esteemed him greatly. Simonne, brought up with Martine and slightly her senior, cherished her like a sister. Thanks to their close neighborhood, the two young women visited each other every day after the routine of their household and even trade duties had been attended to, because, if Martine helped Colombaik in several departments of his tannery, Simonne, who was no less industrious than lovable, leaving to Ancel and his two apprentices the care of preparing the bread, would confection with her own pretty hands, as white as the wheat flour that they handled, the delicious cakes that the townsmen and even the nobles were so fond of.

Simonne stepped in the house of her neighbor with her habitual pertness. But her charming face, no longer smiling and happy as usual, was now expressive of lively indignation, and, entering a few steps ahead of her husband, she cried out: "The insolent wretch! As true as Ancel is called Quatre-Mains, I would have wished, 'pon the word of a Picardian woman, that I had four hands to slap her face, noble dame though she be! The old hag, as ugly as she is wicked and quarrelsome!"

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Fergan smiling, knowing well the nature of Simonne, "you, ordinarily so gay and full of laughter! You seem highly incensed, neighbor!"

"What has happened, Simonne? Who has excited your anger to such a pitch?" added Martine.

"Trifles," said the baker, shaking his head and answering the questioning looks of Fergan, Joan and Colombaik; "it is nothing, good neighbors."

"How so? . . . Nothing!" cried out Simonne, turning with a start to her husband. "Oh! According to you such insolence must pass unperceived!"

The baker again shook his head, and, profiting by the opportunity to be rid of his casque, that pressed him heavily, he placed it under his arm. "Oh! It is nothing!" proceeded Simonne, now addressing Fergan and Joan. "I take you for judges. You are wise and thoughtful people."

"And what are we two, Martine and I?" queried Colombaik, laughing merrily. "So, then, you discard us?"

"I do not take you for judges, neither you nor Martine, because you would be too much of my opinion," replied Simonne; "Master Fergan and his wife are not, as far as I know, suspected of being hot-heads! Let them decide whether I am angry

¹ Four-handed.

at nothing," she said, shooting a fresh look of indignation at the baker, who, greatly incommoded by his long sword, had sat down, placing it across his knees after laying his casque on the floor. "This is what happened," Simonne proceeded: "Agreeable to the promise I yesterday made to Martine of coming for her this morning to assist at the inauguration of our belfry, Ancel and I left the house early. Going up Exchange street we passed before the window of the fortified house of Arnulf, a nobleman of Haut-Pourcain, as he styles himself."

"I know the seigneur of Haut-Pourcain," observed Colombaik; "he is one of the bitterest episcopals in town."

"And his wife is one of the most brazen she-devils that ever joined a caterwauling!" cried out Simonne. "Judge for yourselves, neighbors. She and her maid were standing at one of the lower windows when Ancel and I went by. 'Look at her,' she said in a loud voice to her maid, laughing obstreperously; 'look at the baker's wife, how she struts in new clothes with her petticoat of Lombard silk, silver belt and skirt bordered with marten fur! May God pardon me! To see such creatures daring to put on silk and rich furs like us noble ladies, instead of humbly keeping to a petticoat of linsey-woolsey and a skirt hemmed with cat's skin, the proper clothing for the base station in life of these villeins! What a pity! Fortunately her yellow dress is of the color of her pastry and her bannocks! It will serve them for ensign!'

"That's only in favor of the excellent baking of Simonne's cakes, no so, neighbors?" put in the baker, "because, when the bannock comes out of the oven, it should be yellow as gold."

"See what a fool I am! I failed to take the words of the noble woman for a compliment!" Simonne resumed, saying: "But I answered her insolence plump and plain: 'The word of a Picardian woman, upon it, Dame Haut-Pourcain, if my petticoat is the ensign of my bannocks, your face is the ensign of your fifty years, despite all your cosmetics, and all your affectations of youth, of maidenhood and of freshness!'"

"Oh!" Colombaik broke out laughing. "An excellent answer to the old fairy, who, indeed, is always dressing like a young girl. There you have the nobility! The pretty dresses of our women trouble them as much as the turrets of our houses. Let them split with rage!"

"My answer struck home," proceeded Simonne. "The dame of Haut-Pourcain shook like a fury at the bars of her window, yelling: 'You street-walker! . . . You gallows-bird! . . . To dare to talk that way to me! . . . You vile emanicipated serf! . . . But patience! . . . Patience! . . . I shall soon have you cow-hidied by my servants!'"

"Oh, oh! As to that," I answered her, "do not talk nonsense, Dame Haut-Pourcain," put in the baker; "the days are gone by when the noble dames had the woman of the bourgeois beaten!"

"Yes," added Simonne with indignation, "and do you know what that harpy replied, while shaking her fist at Ancel? 'Off with you,' said she, 'you lumbering churl! The vile bourgeois will not much longer talk so big! Soon we will no longer see clowns wearing the casques of knights, and jades like your wife, wearing silk petticoats paid for by their paramours,'" saying which, Simonne, whose anger had until then been shaded with frolicsome animation, became purple with confusion. Two tears rolled down her large black eyes, and she added in a moved voice: "Such an outrage . . . to me . . . And Ancel says that's nothing! Such an outrage exasperates me!"

"Come now, be cool. Are you not as honorable a woman as

you are an industrious housekeeper?" said the baker affectionately approaching Simonne, who was wiping off her tears with the back of her hand. "That stupid insult cannot touch you, my dear, and does not even deserve to be remembered."

"Ancel is right," said Fergan. "That old woman is gone crazy. Crazy people's words do not count. But, friends, there is this about it. We must recognize that the insolence of the episcopals increases from day to day. Those allusions to former times foreshadow an evil intent on their part. It is well to be forewarned."

"What, father, will those people be so badly advised as to think of attacking our Commune? Is their insolence to be taken notice of? Will it be necessary for us to place ourselves on our guard against their evil designs?"

"Yeast that ferments is always sour, my child," replied the baker, reclining his head pensively. "The remark of your father is just. The provocations of the episcopals have a secret cause. I was just saying to Simonne: 'It is nothing!' I now say: 'It is something!'"

"Very well! Let it be so! Let them dare!" cried out Colombaik. "We are ready for those noblemen and clergymen, for all the tonsured fraternity and their bishop to boot!"

"And if the women take a part, as at the insurrection of Beauvais," exclaimed Simonne, clenching her little fists, "I, who have no children, shall accompany my husband to battle, and the dame of Haut-Pourcain will pay dear for her insults. 'Pon the word of a Picardian woman, I shall slap her insolent face as dry as an Easter wafer!"

The good baker was smiling at the heroic enthusiasm of his pretty wife when the peal of a large bell was heard from a distance. Fergan, his family and neighbors, listened to the sonorous and prolonged sound with a tremor of joy.

"Oh, my friends!" said Fergan with emotion, "do you hear it sound for the first time from the belfry of our Commune? Do you hear it? To-day it summons us to a feast; to-morrow it will call us to the meeting of the council where we attend to the business of the city; some day it will give us the signal for battle. A belfry of the people! Your voice of bronze, at last awakening ancient Gaul from her slumber, has given the signal for the insurrection of the Communes!"

While the quarryman was speaking, all the bells of the churches of Laon began to chime in with the peals of the belfry. The deafening clangor soon dominated and completely drowned the isolated tinkling of the communal bell. This rivalry of bell-ringing was no accident, nor yet a token of sympathy. It was an affront, premeditated by the bishop and his partisans. They realized the patriotic importance that the communies of Laon attached to the inauguration of the symbol of their emancipation, and decided to mar the festivity.

"Oh, those friars! Always spiteful and hypocritic until the day when they deem themselves strong enough to be merciless!" exclaimed Colombaik. "Have your way, ye black-gowns! Ring at your loudest! The canting bells of your churches shall not silence our communal belfry! Your bells ring mankind to servitude, to imbecility, to the renunciation of their dignity; the belfry gathers them to fulfil their civic duties and to defend freedom! Come, father, come! The bourgeois militia must by this time be assembled around the pillars of the market-place. You are constable and I a captain-of-ten. Let's start. Do not let us be waited for. Liberty or death!"

(To be Continued.)

BEBEL'S DRESDEN SPEECH

As before, so hereafter, we shall remain in a certain isolation and in the most severe opposition. Naturally this does not exclude our acceptance of concessions, when we can get them and when it seems worthwhile. Of course, we very often have differed as to the value of these concessions. The "right wing" of the delegation—to use this expression—regarded favorably the smallest concessions, even when they were, according to my conviction, totally insignificant. I have said to myself: Why should I vote for these wee concessions, which we will get just the same, without my vote. Why should I parliamentary commit myself to a certain degree, by voting for this concession? But whenever we come to the conclusion, that a concession was of value, we voted for the same. When the last amendment to the accident-injury law was offered we battled royally, blows came down like hail and finally, by a vote of 14 against 13 the delegation resolved to accept the amendment. After we had thus voted, Dr. Jästrow, whom Osnark described yesterday as one of the social sugar-water-vendors, wrote in the "Frankfurter Zeitung": it was unheard-of, that even the Social-Democracy should have voted for this paltry amendment!"

Such were the fights in the delegation and I tell you openly that in it's new composition these fights will not decrease, but increase. That, which I designated before, as the "right wing" of the delegation, will be able, in the new Reichstag, to easier gain the upper hand than formerly, and, therefore, I consider it necessary, that the party should get a clear view of the situation, and, so to say, dictate tactics to the delegation. (Great applause.) As far as possible naturally it is not to be thought that the convention should positively define the exact position of the delegation on all questions.

The convention can only give directions, point out the route of march. If it does this, the delegation has to march accordingly, whether it will or not. (Heine: "uite right!") It surely will be a "must" for you comrade Heine, it is self-evident. Still it would be much nicer, if it were different, for then it would be: Throw him out, who don't play! (Great applause) This is a purely subjective remark, without any personal reflection. When the convention gives directions to the delegation, the latter

has to act in accordance with the same. If the convention gains the conviction that serious indiscretions have been committed by the delegation it naturally will at once proceed to sharply criticize. Certainly thereafter affairs would be different. This in a general way, is the political and parliamentary situation, as I see it. The party must get clear on this, and the standpoint, which we occupy, must be as clear and transparent as crystal or glass, there must not exist anything, which should, even in the slightest degree, create the possibility for the opponents to claim: "these then are the results of this mighty victory," the Social Democracy shares the common lot of all the previous bourgeois parties; when they have grown to a certain height, they tumble down, give up their principles and that is the end of them. ("Quite right!")

In a good many respects we have become the heirs of the bourgeois parties but not in the sense of Heine's article in the "Monatsheft," that we had to "replace" the bourgeois liberalism, no, but, that we have to improve on it. (Heine exclaims: "I wrote to fulfill what it intended! This means to improve on it!") To replace and to fulfill, but I do not conceive this in the same sense as you. (Calls) Afterwards you have the right, to say this. The party press—and this is to be regretted—has not conceded to this article the same significance as I have already made known my views of this, your expression. It states in the article: "Ever clearer appears the duty of the Social Democracy, not to simply dispose the liberal parties, but to replace them." ("Hear! Hear!") If I replace somebody, who has been deposed, that means I shall fulfill what he has done until now and is not able to do any longer. You (addressing Heine) are a lawyer, a philologist, a man who has studied logics, and we certainly demand of an article, which to a certain degree represents a programme, that it be clear, that it be unnecessary to dispute as to its import. (Heine exclaims: "Read further!") It states here further: . . . in "understanding, not to dissolve the ideas of civic and mental liberty, but to fulfill them." Well, honored comrade, have we then not done this up to now? Have we perhaps up to now opposed in the Reichstag the ideas of civic and mental liberty? Have we not exerted ourselves up to now "to fulfill" in your sense and avowed further?

But this disputing about concessions will happen to us more frequently during

this whole debate. You already have experienced it. Bernhard wrote an article about the import of which there could be no doubt. But he said: "Well, I did not mean to say that, but I was unable to clearly express myself; I regret to have done it, and I promise not to repeat it."

In this case, as eminent judges, we had to say: "If you did something, about the significance of which you were not quite clear, we certainly have to pardon you."

Then came Gobbe with the article in the "Zukunft"—which he had not read. When his attention was called to it by "The Neue Zeit," he did not concede it any significance. When I characterized his proceeding, he lost his temper, became enraged, assailed me in the coarsest language and declared he were simple enough—not according to the letter, but according to the sense—not to have concealed the proper import of the article of the "Neue Zeit."

Let us not deceive ourselves. It will be said again, that this one has not expressed himself clearly, that it was not intended to say that which the logical reading of the letter conveys. And, at last, it might happen, as in Hanover and later on, that, although, after days of disputing a resolution is accepted, still the disagreement remains just the same as before. (Assent.)

Let no one talk of unity or the union in the Party! Did not Braun sing already yesterday to this tune of uslos in the party? It is not true. I deny it most positively; never and at no time were we disunited to a larger extent than we are now; never and no time were the disagreements greater than at the present time! ("Quite right!")

To cover this up, to again sugar-coat it, I, for my part, am thoroughly tired of! (Stormy applause.)

For twelve years, ever since the great debate with Völler at Erfurt, I have had to swallow so much, have been excited to anger so frequently, and over and over have been led into leading the hand towards the overbridging of the contradictions, that I finally said to myself: "I cannot go any further in this way. We have now positively to come to a clear understanding, make a clean sweep and debate the matter as thoroughly as possible." (Commotion.)

As is well known, the basis of this entire new "revisionist" movement is the book of Bernstein, who, at that time,

which to bring about I have contributed to as much as possible—since he has been active in Germany, he has, as far as I can see, not gained in reputation, but lost (numerous "Quite right!") not only with the Radicals, but also with his friends, the revisionists, and with these the most. ("Quite right!") What all has of late not been said to this man, who at first was welcomed jubilantly like a Nemiah by his friends, who awaited the declaration of a new gospel, of a new creed, of new tactics, by him! ("Quite right!") Now suddenly rises the cry: Stone him! Stone him! Not because he retracted even one word of what he said, but because, according to the opinion of his friends, he has expressed himself too clumsily or even too decidedly. ("Very good!") On that account they have criticized him so harshly, and even said: "If this continues he will have to leave the Party!" None of us, so far thus spoken, but this cry has been flung at Comrade Bernstein by those who, until lately, have been regarded as his adherents. Bernstein has become, so to say, the "enfant terrible" of his friends. (Laughter.) But, as his standing had already been discredited to a large extent, therefore, to the first demand of Bernstein, to elect a vice-president who even would have to comply with the duty of attendance at court as regulated by procedure in the Reichstag, no great importance was attached.

Bernstein had, in my estimation, already lost a good deal of prestige, and as far as I could observe from my tower on Kusnacht (Great laughter) a large portion of the Party press has not found it worth while to seriously oppose him. But it maddened me, that the great moment should be disturbed by this clumsy touch. Still one thing I will tell you: Even if I have been blamed by a larger portion of the party press—also by the contingent, which generally does not oppose me in regard to questions of tactics—still on the other side—and I can prove it black or white—as long as I have been active in the party, and you know, for years there have been hard fights within the party—never have I received from the ranks of the Comrades as many expressions of approval as at the present time. Our Comrades rejoice when the right word comes at the right time. (Hilarity and applause.)

Never have I received from the delegation, from the party—and up to this hour letter after letter has arrived—as many expressions of assent as just now from the mass of the Comrades, also from Switzerland, Austria, Belgium, England. From German Comrades, not from the other ones. These are all glad that now at last a collar has been put around the dog's neck—so to say. (Great applause.) This is the frame of mind, of which in Berlin, and especially at the office of our main organ, nothing at all has been seen and heard. (Great applause. Cries of regret.)

(To be continued next week.)

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4 and 6 New Roads St., New York.
P. O. Box 1576. Tel. 129 Franklin.

Published Every Saturday by the
Socialist Labor Party.

Entered as second-class matter at the
New-York postoffice, July 13, 1900.

As far as possible, rejected communica-
tions will be returned, if so desired, and
stamps are enclosed.

SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED
STATES:

In 1888.....	2,068
In 1890.....	21,157
In 1894.....	36,564
In 1896.....	34,191
In 1900.....	53,763

The method of production and distribution of the products of labor is and always has been the basis upon which everything else rests—the juridical, the political, the religious, the social life of the people—no matter in what age or what country.—Marx.

THE NEWS FROM RUSSIA.

Consumers of the commodity "news," supplied by the private factories known as "newspapers," will have to be wide awake, or they stand a good chance of one of these days being greatly surprised at the tidings they will read from Russia. When the war first broke out, these papers ran over with despatches telling of the wave of patriotism that was rising high all over Russia and at the unfeigned manifestations of confidence for the Czar;—these despatches were false. Presently, and that is the stage of "shoddy" news the public now is in, the truth regarding what is actually going on in Russia forced itself upon the despatches to the extent that the existence of opposition to the government is somewhat admitted. These reformed despatches now announce that the Russian government "has forbidden demonstrations of patriotism because they were apt to lead to counter demonstrations." Both premises and conclusion are naive. No sane man will deny that there are elements, and not slight ones, in Russia who either out of selfish or other motives, are fired with a sincere desire to see their country mop the soil of Manchuria and Korea with the Japs; nor will anyone be silly enough to claim that the Russian government is above the methods regularly adopted by the British government whenever it considers desirable to have popular demonstrations of enthusiasm" in Ireland for the British crown. That there are in Russia demonstrations truly meant as "patriotic," or that such can be had goes without saying. The question is, however, whether many of the demonstrations that are announcing themselves as patriotic in Russia, are not setting up the claim as a foil, as a mask; whether their real purpose is not just the reverse of what the Russian government would consider patriotic; and whether the government sees through the mask, and so seeing is stopping them? That is the rub.

Revolution, on the point of breaking out, often have most hypocritic ways about them. Going no further away for an illustration than our own South American sister republics, the revolution that threw off the yoke of Spain was inaugurated under a most patriotic disguise. Napoleon had entered Spain, overthrown and imprisoned the King, Ferdinand VII, and set his own brother Joseph Bonaparte on the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella. The revolutionary movement in South America, which had been agitating, educating and organizing against Spain upon straight-out lines for twenty years, that was ripe enough to break out at any moment, and that simply awaited a "pretext," now saw its opportunity. Their "beloved King Ferdinand had been outraged!" Could any more patriotic sentiment be conceived? "Ferdinand VII! Down with Joseph Bonaparte!"—thus ran the rallying cry from the mouths of the Orinoco to the snow-capped peaks of the Andes. Could any more patriotic device be framed? But usurpers and their satraps have been Bosses. The Spanish governors, captains-general and other officials did not like those "patriotic demonstrations," and did all they could to stop them. The Spanish officials were denounced by the "patriots" as "Bonapartists," and to the orchestration of "Ferdinand VII! Down with Joseph Bonaparte!" the real Spanish patriots and representatives of Spanish rule were hounded out, while the lesser ones,

who saw through the pretext, and were witness enough to say so and to act accordingly, were strung up to the nearest tamarind trees by the "patriotic demonstrators." Soon after, the mask was dropped, and when Ferdinand VII was restored to his throne, the soldiers he sent down to South America were no longer greeted with cries of "Ferdinand VII!" but with the cry of "Down with Spain!" and were rolled into the sea.

May not the "patriotic demonstrations" that are now annoying the Russian government be of similar kind? More than one fact accessible to this office points to the conclusion; the circumstance, moreover, that the Russian government—mind, the knout government of Russia—is naively said to be stopping demonstrations favorable to itself because of the unfavorable ones that the former promote, instead of its merely stamping out the latter in its habitual and drastic style,—that circumstance confirms the theory that the Russian "patriotic demonstrations" are probably of the same feather as the South American ones in favor of Ferdinand VII. In which case the credulous consumers of the private capitalist out-put of "news" have a surprise in store for them.

Revolutions, bona fide ones, agitate, educate and organize upon clean-cut lines and are straight forward—up to the moment of breaking out. At that moment, and for a moment, they frequently become paragons of hypocrisy. It is a curious fact, and yet true.

HIS, THEIR CHANCE!

The surgical feat accomplished on Miss Wilton comes opportunely for Mr. Carroll D. Wright now that he is about to give up his statistical office, and seeing, moreover, that he has taken to the lecture platform as a more lucrative occupation than that of doctoring statistics in favor of capitalism.

Miss Charlotte Wilton is the 18-year old girl whose shocking accident some two weeks ago. She was an employee of the International Manufacturing Company, 137th street and Willow avenue. On the morning of February 17, just after the mill machinery started, she took down her long hair to re-braid it, something necessary at the mill. Owing to the defective safety appliances at the mill, a wisp of hair was drawn into the shaft by air suction. In an instant her hair was winding and winding around her head was drawn to the guard outside the shaft, and when her head could go no further her scalp was torn off from an inch above the eyebrows to the back of the neck. To-day Miss Wilton enjoys her scalp and luxuriant hair growth back again. A matchless feat of surgery has bestowed back to her the comfort of a scalp and the adornment of "the crown on woman's head."

This is Mr. Carroll D. Wright's chance. The young woman's experience furnishes the gentleman with a mighty trombone and clarionet combination with which to blow the praises of capitalism. Has not Mr. Wright's moral-intellectual twin, Herbert Spencer, sought to praise war on the ground that it was and is war that drove and drives men to inventions that are turned to the uses of peace? So now, Mr. Wright has in hand an argument to praise capitalism with. Thanks to capitalism the science of surgery has been promoted and perfected. How could the matchless feat of readjusting a ripped up scalp ever be accomplished if capitalism did not rip them up? How could the surgical genius of man ever have an opportunity to develop to the point of such skill, as is required to restore ripped up scalps to their native skulls, if capitalism did not furnish the opportunity by first ripping them up?

What if capitalism, as the visionary Socialists claim, implies recklessness of employees' life and limb and breaches of law in not providing the proper safety appliances that would prevent scalps from being ripped? What of it? No absence of such safety appliances, the existence of such safety appliances, would mean no capitalism, and that, in turn, would mean no opportunities at least greatly, very greatly, reduced opportunities for the development of the surgical skill. True enough, Indians also scalp, and in so far illustrate how intuitive is the genius of capital that it manifests itself even among uncivilized races, and none so low but indulge in some such practice. But the Indian, while he produces the opportunity, deprives it from being turned to advantage. He does not keep surgeons ready at hand to develop their genius on the scalps. Not so with the more civilized capitalist class. It both furnishes the opportunity and the means to utilize it: it rips the scalps and breeds the surgeons. Capitalism, therefore, is at once

the path, the handmaid, and the crowning glory of civilization."

What a matchless chance for Mr. Carroll D. Wright, almost as matchless as that furnished to the surgeons in the case of Miss Wilton! The only danger is that if Mr. Carroll D. Wright does not hasten to utilize the chance, it is so magnificent that the Hon. Bourke Cockran may pre-empt it!

A BACK NUMBER, AND PROUD OF IT

The "American Federationist," truly the organ of the British or pure and simple style of Unionism, is not merely stupid, but proud of its stupidity. Its issue for this month has an article by A. S. Leitch on "Hard Times" that is simply idiotic, but not satisfied with that, the paper has gone to the trouble of printing the article as an extra, sending it out as a special, and thereby flaunting the low down grade of the pure and simple intellect. It is interesting to examine the thing.

Mr. Leitch admits that there are "hard times," that is the name the gentleman gives to crises. And he realizes that one is on. How does he account for the phenomenon. These are his own words:

"Take, for instance, a corporation employing 5,000 or more men. There is a desire to squeeze out greater dividends—or, perhaps, the boss stockholder wishes to buy a red automobile (or a Mexican monkey) to preside at a drunken banquet at Newport. So up goes a notice in the workshops that on account of the (anticipated) depressed financial conditions, wages will be decreased 25 per cent. On pay-day some \$5,000 less goes to the local butchers, bakers, and other business men. These tradesmen hasten to rescind or retrench on orders, and factories and mills a thousand miles away feel the cut. They in turn lay off hands and cut wages."

One can hardly imagine possible such imbecility!

According to this theory, an industrial phenomenon such as the crisis, that to-day takes in the whole capitalist world, is brought on because one, or say, all capitalists decide to invest in red automobiles, or Mexican monkeys, or in personal extravagance. And the sapient theorizer does not perceive the assininity of his closing paragraph. If the personal extravagance of a capitalist is the cause that \$5,000 are withheld from the local butchers, bakers and other business men, are not these \$5,000 simultaneously steered into the tillers of the "butchers, bakers and other business men" of the locality where the "red automobile or Mexican monkey" are bought?

If extravagance in things that

can not be bought in the locality and therefore withdraws money from that locality is the cause of hard times in that locality, must it not inevitably follow that the same extravagance that pours money into another locality must bring about flush times there? How then comes it that "mills a thousand miles away feel the cut, and in turn lay off hands and cut wages"? How comes it that industrial crises are no longer "local" but international?

The above analysis and question dispose of Mr. Leitch's theory that the personal extravagances of the capitalist are the cause of hard times. The above analysis sufficiently points to the fact that, so far from being the cause, the personal extravagances of the capitalists rather retard the arrival of hard times.

These extravagances set free moneys that otherwise would remain locked in the coffers of the individual capitalists, and thereby tend to keep up trade—a phenomenon that has caused another set of evils to imagine that capitalist luxury was the safety valve of trade, and the free indulgence in such luxury the solution of the Labor Problem.

Hard times are not produced by personal extravagance, nor can personal extravagance solve the Social Problem.

Hard times, or crises, are the joint product of two twin facts that dove tail into each other—first the private ownership of the land on and the plant or capital with which wealth is produced;

and secondly, the resulting competitive and anarchic system pursued by these private owners.

The first of these causes sentences Labor to the status of merchandise, and consequently keeps it with its nose to the grindstone—only a few days from the soup house.

The second, causes production to be carried on by concerns who cannot separately be correctly informed on the facts needed to decide upon the output. As moreover, these concerns are in the mutual throat-cutting business, politely called competition, they produce infinitely more than they can sell in the end. When the stoppage of sales comes, production stops. And as the workingman only got barely enough to live, stoppage

to him means stoppage all along the line.

It follows that, so far from being a force that makes against hard times, the pure and simple trades union is a force that decidedly promotes hard times. The pure and simple trades union aims at preserving capitalism and it aims at helping the capitalists on the theory that their interests are reciprocal. Accordingly, the pure and simple glories in flush times, these being the times when it recruits its membership. But as shown above, flush times are the inevitable precursors of hard times. It is an axiom that the more the working class produces the sooner it throws itself out of work. Having "reciprocal interests with the capitalists," and the capitalist being anxious to produce plentifully, in sail and pure and simple union to help the capitalists. Moreover, as these unions do not utilize the sunshine of prosperity to make the hay of getting themselves in possession of the government, when the crisis comes they are out in the cold, with the wind blowing upon them from all sides.

Mr. Leitch's article, of which the "Federationist" seems to be radiantly proud, illustrates that while production has become international, and civilization has the globe for its basis, the pure and simple union is still a "local" affair, has its horizon bounded by conditions that no longer exist.

And Mr. Leitch is a luminary in that camp, and the other luminaries are proud of him!

SENATOR BAILEY'S DEFINITION.

Senator Bailey from Texas delivered in the Senate a speech that, as most of the speeches delivered at this session of Congress, was intended for campaign uses. The Senator, being a Democrat, sought to furnish his own party with campaign arguments; being a man of acknowledged talent and probity, the maxims he laid down may be considered basic with the Democracy. It is well to look at these maxims, at least at one of them.

In endeavoring to define the scope of government the Senator said:

"We (the Democracy) teach that the Government ought to leave the people free to make themselves both prosperous and happy."

For one thing, the principle is one that no Democratic legislator observes.

To "leave the people free," means hands off by the Government. Would Senator Bailey favor the abolition of the law that deprives people of the right to enforce a debt contracted by a magistrate upon his salary? He would not. Magistrates' exemption on that score is considered essential to public policy. Would he abolish the law that protects women, sailors and children in a number of cases, holding them free from certain obligations that they may have contracted? He would not. The theory of the law exempting them is that, due to their condition, they are subject to imposition. No need of multiplying examples. Those quoted are enough to prove that the theory of government, as enunciated by Senator Bailey is defectively enunciated. In fact, it is a contradiction in terms to use "government" and "freedom" in one breath in any such definition.

The very idea of "government" presupposes and starts from the principle that absolute individual freedom means collective misery, due to the inevitable result of the tyranny of the mightiest. Government restricts freedom, and justly so.

So understanding the question, the principle of Government is not "to leave the people free," but to prevent, or to safeguard the people against, being enslaved. The science of government is, accordingly, pivoted on a principle wholly different from that enunciated by Senator Bailey. The principle upon which it is pivoted is one that can not be determined by abstract ideas, but where the abstract idea, the pursuit of happiness, is conditioned upon material facts so must government shape itself. No rhetoric has any place in the premises.

What, then, are the material facts surrounding the people to-day? The overwhelming majority of the people are to all intents and purposes as much in need of protection as sailors, women and children. The lack of the necessary capital with which to hold their own in the competitive struggle for existence compels rafters of people to enter into disastrous contracts with the employer class "in consideration of employment;" it compels them to submit to imposition; it compels them to lead the lives of drudges, as completely secluded from the glories of the century as if they lived several centuries back—in short, the material fact of capitalism prevents the

pursuit of happiness. Rational government must consider the fact, and considering, and ever keeping in mind its mission, the safeguarding of the people against being enslaved, it must—upon the same principle that it provides against footpads, etc., etc., restricting the freedom of these marauders—provide such methods and establish such forms as shall block the capitalist class in its tyrannous course against the working class. The government that does not can not be said to be one that "leaves the people to make themselves prosperous and happy."

And that is a feature of the Democratic party, in which strawberry marks its twinship with the Republican party is recognizable; and therefore every one with eyes to see and brains to understand what he sees will turn his back upon both and upon all the parties that fuse with either, and rank himself under the banner of the Socialist Labor Party.

HANNA, ALL AROUND ILLUSTRATIVE.

It is timely, now that funeral eulogies are being printed over the late Senator Hanna, to turn over the leaves of history, and find out and republish certain interesting facts. They will throw light upon the gentleman, above all they will throw light upon the social system that Mr. Hanna and his praise-singers uphold. The pages of history that we would turn to are not ancient; they are freshly modern.

In the city of Cleveland, O., Mr. Hanna's home, the rolls of the tax assessment showed that the homes owned or nominally owned by 3,000 small middle-class folks were worth in the aggregate \$10,000,000 and were taxed at an average of 66 PER CENT, or \$6,000,000. The same rolls showed that the street railroad, then in large part owned by Mr. Hanna, and also worth \$10,000,000, was taxed at \$600,000, or at 6 PER CENT!

Stick a pin there!

Still more recently is the case decided by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the First Circuit. This was another case in which "in consideration of employment" an employee had agreed that the employer was to have the benefit of all the inventions made by the employee, and that he was "to keep the same for ever secret" if required by the employer. The courts were resorted to by the employer in order to keep the padlock on the inventor's mouth. He pleaded that the keeping of such a secret, thereby depriving society of its advantages, as the dog-in-the-manger employer exacted, was "unconscionable and against public policy." The capitalist Court held against the employee, declaring such a demand on the part of the employer to be neither unconscionable nor against, but positively, in favor of, public policy!

And still more recently, the case of Henry K. Goodwin now in a Massachusetts prison. Senator Callender and Lawyer Rawley, who wished to get the man pardoned declared that "the electrical companies in Massachusetts opposed Goodwin's release on the ground that Goodwin had invented a switchboard which is substantially the one now in use by the Bell Telephone and New England Telephone Companies"!!

It is obvious from two of the above officially recorded instances that numerous must be the other instances of employees, who, driven by the capitalist lash of hunger—for what Elias Howe would his power of invention as "good measure" to his ordinary labor power for the starvation wages of employment, except he is driven by such lash?—meekly allow their capitalist employer to rob them of their invention. Equally obvious is the fact, known, moreover, from common observation that the robbed inventor is too poor to bring and keep his case long enough in court so as to reach a decision, and be regularly entered on the records as a robbed inventor. The United States courts on patent decisions run over with proofs of the fact that under capitalism inventors are robbed of their inventions by the capitalists, and that the capitalist courts are there to obscure the show of evil with a decision, and the capitalist partners, of all creeds, are there to bless and approve the robbery with a text, by slandering Socialism.

When capitalists declare that Socialism would rob the inventor, and thereby imply that capitalism protects him, it is a case of the detected thief setting up the cry of "Stop thief!" The robbery of most inventors is inevitable under capitalist society, because under such a social system the bulk of useful labor is and must be robbed by the capitalist class. Hence Socialism, where the working class would enjoy their full social share of their labor, is the sole guarantee, not only against the robbery now perpetrated on the inventor, but the robbery perpetuated on the whole working class.

And there goes one shot through the poodles' master.

The social revolution must first begin in the minds of the working class. Its members must realize their condition and historic mission. There are no means better suited to this end than The Daily and Weekly People. Advance the circulation of these revolutionizers of working class thought and you advance the revolution in society.

Secretary Cortelyou is going to speak in the leading cities on the value of his department to capitalist interests. This is as it should be. Though Cortelyou's department is called "The Department of Commerce and Labor," the only part labor plays in it, is in the title.

Cleveland is a friend of the negroes but he does not care to have it said that he dined with one of them. It's about time the negroes were saved from their friends.

Workingmen must have a press of their own, in order to be heard. All those workingmen who desire emancipation should support the press of the Socialist Labor Party, which is maintained in the interest of the working class; first, last and all the time.

SHOT NO. 1.

The Louisville, Ky., "Journal of Labor," well known as an organ of the capitalist class has gathered a long string of questions which it heads "Pertinent Questions for Socialists to Answer." It is not our habit to answer the dog that barks from behind a fence. For the canine we keep the toes of our shoes, should he get too near. But even if he remains at a distance, if he is too insolent, we see to what? To him? No! To his master. And so now, especially seeing that his master—the pie-bald combination that feeds and eggs him on—has been stupid enough to expose himself through these questions as a target that it will be fun to riddle with shot. So now and at it, shot after shot—at the master.

One of the questions is:

"If a man like Elias Howe invents a sewing machine, which is of incalculable benefit to society, why should he be robbed of the real net value of his invention?"

He should not be robbed; and it is just because, among the iniquities of capitalism, is the daily robbery of the inventor and the robber capitalist then what all robbers do, uses his stolen property as a scourge to others, that Socialism is

CORRESPONDENCE

A "SOCIALIST KILLER'S" IGNORABLE DEFEAT.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Last week Section Louisville had occasion to "call" a local labor fakir. This week we are in the enviable position to "show up" a "local would-be Socialist killer," in the person of a capitalist editor, one R. W. Knott, of "The Evening Post."

About a week ago there appeared in the "Post" an editorial, whose silly and false statements were promptly answered by our Comrade Schmutz, in the following manner, viz.:

"Editor, 'Evening Post':—It was with feelings of regret and amusement that I read your editorial in yesterday's 'Evening Post,' entitled 'Paternalism and Socialism.'

"Regret, because an otherwise fairly good editor, should show such a lack of knowledge on such an important subject, and amusement, because you seem to think all your readers are as uninformed as yourself."

"Taking for granted therefore that your statements are simply due to a lack of information, I will proceed to give you a lesson on Socialism by criticising your utterances."

"Your first false statement is 'that paternalism and Socialism have a faint dividing line.' The truth being that paternalism and Socialism have nothing in common whatsoever, paternalism being 'state capitalism,' whereas Socialism demands the democratic organization of industry, art, and science, under working-class control and supervision."

"Next, you say the aim and end of government is to secure every man, woman, and child, life and liberty. Yet; 'property,' of a personal nature, yes; but property in the means of production and exchange, no; for the latter is just the thing that destroys both the life and liberty of the wage-working class to-day."

"Your next statement is 'Socialism is a bad substitute for personal liberty.' How do you know? Since Socialism is a future state of society, how can we judge of the merits or demerits of such future society?"

"Your next remarks about 'State Socialism,' 'college Socialism,' and 'church Socialism' I will pass by, as no such things exist, except possibly in the distorted imaginations of capitalist editors."

"As being forced to ask permission of the Democratic officials you quote, before 'going into business,' or 'making investments,' permit me to inform you that in a Socialist Republic there will be no such thing as 'going in business' or 'making investments.' Now wouldn't this jar you?"

"Your next statement that Congress, our legislature, the Fiscal Court, the City Council, etc., are all working for Socialism, is too ridiculous to deserve any further answer, for every child knows that these institutions are all working for State capitalism, or private graft, from the Panama Congressional graft down to our numerous City Council grafts."

"Regarding the free school book question, the distribution of such books have become necessary under capitalism, because a large number of parents are too poor to purchase such books. As to the principle involved, I will say that Socialists cannot agree with you there, as the whole thing smacks too much of charity, at present conducted. Charity always lowers and degrades true manhood and womanhood, and would certainly have no room in a Socialist Commonwealth whose cornerstone is justice."

"Your final statement that 'Socialism and Democracy are not reconcilable,' is the most glaring and contradictory statement of all; as just the reverse is the truth, namely, 'Socialism is the crowning fruit and completion of genuine Democracy,' without industrial or economic Democracy, political Democracy is well-nigh meaningless and barren."

"In conclusion, and to complete this lesson, Mr. Editor, there can only be one Socialism; namely the supremacy of the wage-working or producing class, politically, economically, and socially, all else is moonshine. Besides your numerous misstatements all the allusions you make refer to one and the same thing, viz.: State capitalism, the very opposite of Socialism."

"Trusting that you will make these corrections and guard your utterances on this subject in the future, I remain yours for the truth,

Albert Schmutz, Secretary,
Kentucky State Committee,
Socialist Labor Party."

So much for the letter. Comrade Schmutz personally left it at the office of the "Post" stating, at the same time, that he would call two days later to get the article if not used for the "Post," which the city editor promised to do. When the comrade called the city editor showed him up stairs to the sanctum of the big mogul, the aforesaid Knott. The comrade asked for the article (as the same had not been published), but the editor informed him that he had torn it up, as it was entirely too abusive and insulting for publication.

The comrade asked him to point out some of the abuse, and the editor fairly yelled at him, that the article said he knew nothing about Socialism. The comrade answered Knott that this was true, and the editorial was the best proof of the truth of this assertion.

By this time Knott was not in such

rage by the quiet answers and questions of the comrade that he jumped from the chair and moved forward in a threatening manner. The comrade, not desiring to get into a fistfistic argument (probably the only kind of argument Knott is capable of), here quietly withdrew, saying as he went, "This article will be published just the same, Mr. Knott, and I am glad I have made your personal acquaintance, for now I will be no longer surprised at any editorial emanating from your pen."

The fellow has a clean-shaven sky-pilot face, but his actions and manners resemble more those of a Democratic ward beater than those of an intelligent editor. However, capitalist newspapers can use almost any kind of editors, for when they are badly worsted in argument they claim that they are abused, and refuse publication to articles that would serve to expose their misrepresentations and bare-faced lies. Our daily papers, however, being capitalist strumpets, must do the bidding of their masters, all of which should teach the S. L. P. members the necessity of aiding and upholding our own Daily People.

Press Committee,
Section Louisville, Ky.
Louisville, Ky., Feb. 22.

THE STRIKE IN PARRY'S PLANT.
To The Daily and Weekly People:—Having seen only the briefest of notices of the strike in D. M. Parry's plant, in the Eastern newspapers, I thought the following detailed account from the "Indianapolis News," of Friday, Feb. 26, would prove worth sending on, with some comments, to The People:

"D. M. Parry, president of the Citizens' Industrial Association of America, awoke this morning to the realization that non-union men sometimes adopt the strike as their method of protesting against the actions of employers. The craters and hangers in the Parry plant went out on strike. The strike, however, lasted only a few seconds—the strikers being summarily dismissed and the affair shifted to the basis of a lockout.

"There is considerable difference between the statements of the men who went out and the company regarding the number of men involved, the former placing the number at seventy-five, D. M. Parry placing it at fourteen. According to the statements made by the men, the company, beginning last August, has been cutting wages. The work in the department is done on the piecework plan. A cut of 40 cents on ironing off jobs was made last August the men say. Another one of 5 cents followed, and then several other cuts until, they say, that with the cut to-day, the price has been reduced from 71 cents before August to 52 cents now on each job.

"The last cut was 2 cents on each job taken off the craters and hangers by the company and added to the wages of their helpers. Previously the company had cut 6 cents a job off their wages, and had added it to the wages of the helpers. The men said they had no knowledge of a repetition of such a plan at this time until they received their pay to-day and saw that the reduction had been made.

"They said they held a hurried conference and decided to stop unless the master was straightened out and the reduction restored. They say the superintendent said: 'If any of you want to talk with me individually come to me; otherwise all get out.' They say that almost all of the men 'got out.'

"D. M. Parry said: 'The company was not attempting to reduce wages. There was a great inequality between the wages of the craters and hangers, and their helpers and we simply sought to equalize the pay. We took 2 cents a day during the last few months, and that they could not stand the cut. According to the statement of the company the craters and hangers have been making much higher wages than they state.'

"D. M. Parry said the places of the men who quit were being filled up, and that the company would not be inconvenienced in operating its plant."

This account should leave no doubt in the minds of those who believe unionism to be the cause of industrial troubles, that they are mistaken. Nor should it permit those who boo-hoo combined action on the part of the working class to continue in their course. Both should learn that union or no union the antagonistic interests of capital and labor create industrial troubles, and force combined action on the part of the working class. The latter is an inherent result of capitalism and it can only be ended by ending capitalism.

This account further gives a clear idea of Parry's idea of "equality," admitting the truth of his statement that he made the last reduction in craters and hangers' wages in order to pay more to the spring wagon department helpers' wages. His equalization is made at the expense of one branch of labor as against another branch, but never at the expense of capital. Of course, this is a convenient method of setting one branch

of labor in selfish antagonism to another, to the profit of the employer, but it offers no explanation of the reason for the series of cuts from 71 cents to 52 cents a day on the craters and hangers' wages. Parry's "equality," then, is a compound of division and falsification.

The whole strike is important in that it defines Parry's idea of "free" labor. "Free" labor, according to this strike, is labor that the employer is free to exploit as his profits demand. "Free" labor is labor without any restrictions on the employer, and all of them on the employee.

That Parry filled up the places of the strikers without any difficulty, shows that there is plenty of other free labor, i.e., labor free from employment in the land waiting to embrace the freedom of Parryism, which, of course, is the antithesis of the horrible slavery of Socialism that Parry so disinterestedly condemns.

J. B. D.

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 28.

WHAT THEY ARE ORGANIZER FOR.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—No better illustration of the bad effect of ignoring the class struggle on the part of pure and simpledom could be given than the following horrible example:

Scene—Street corner in San Jose, Cal., crowd listening to an S. L. P. speaker. S. L. P. Speaker—Turning to a member of Bix 6, International Typographical Union of New York: Are you organized to fight the capitalist class?

Member Big 6—No!

S. L. P. Speaker—Are you organized to obtain concessions from the capitalist class?

Member Big 6—No!

S. L. P. Speaker—In the name of common sense what are you organized for?

Member Big 6—We are organized to fight Col. Otis of Los Angeles, Cal.

Crowd—Oh! Ha! Ha! Ha!

As the fight against Otis is backed by W. R. Hearst, who is running an opposition newspaper in Los Angeles, the "Oh! Ha! Ha! Ha!" of the crowd was not without significance.

E. B. Mercadier.

San Jose, Cal., Feb. 24.

UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENTS OF PROVIDENCE S. L. P.'S WOMEN'S BRANCH.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Since the consolidation of the various S. L. P. branches here, the women's branch has been the ways and means committee of the Section. As such it has been doing considerable within the last few months to raise money to pay the debts of State Committee, contracted during the last campaign.

Our first effort was a bachelor's auction. "Thornton's Advertiser" said of it:

"The auction sale of bachelors on Thursday evening, Jan. 28, given by Women's Branch, S. L. P., was a financial success and a social triumph, as all entertainments by Women's Branch always are, and is still the leading topic of conversation, among young and old of all parts of the city.

"A pleasanter and apparently happier gathering has not been seen in Olneyville for some time."

The "Journal" also commented favorably, as follows:

"Among the local organizations gradually coming to the front as entertainers is the Women's Branch of the Socialist Labor Party, and the 'bachelors' sale' held in Textile Hall Thursday evening of last week was one effort—a character not soon to be forgotten. The affair was cleverly arranged and some of the bachelors are said to have brought more than they are worth."

The bachelors' auction was a huge success, and reaped a tidy sum. The men were loyal in their support, having charge of coat room, ticket taking and selling, refreshments, etc.

That affair occurred on January 28 and immediately we bent our energies to the planning of another before Lent came in.

On February 16, a Valentine party was presented to the public for their amusement. The night was one of the coldest in our section of the country, but many braved the weather, and all had a delightful time. It would have been a crowning triumph for the committee had the weather permitted.

The newspapers again took notice of this affair, both before and after it. The "Advertiser" said in advance:

"THE VALENTINE PARTY.

Of the Socialist Women's Branch on the 16th promises to be a very splendid affair. These ladies are noted for originality in entertainment and this valentine party will no doubt be equal to their best efforts. Those who attend will be sure of satisfaction that they had a good time."

While the "Journal" came out as follows:

"WHY DON'T SOMEBODY"

"Why don't somebody ask somebody to be somebody's valentine?" This question is an old one, and the Women's Branch of the Socialist Labor Party has taken advantage of 'leap year' to learn why 'somebody don't ask somebody else.' It has sent forth invitations for a party to be held in Textile Hall Tuesday night, and in red ink is the confession: 'You can add and multiply, but you cannot divide my love. It is all yours.' Special inducements are to be offered to Cupid to work overtime."

After the affair, the "Journal" referred to it as follows:

"PRE-LENTEN EVENTS."

"Last evening, the eve of Lent, was busy one socially. Dancing parties occupied the majority of the local halls. The Women's Branch of the Socialist Labor Party held a 'Valentine Party' in Textile Hall, and the affair was one of the best attended of the events held

The effort being made by the members of this branch to win favor as entertainers has already gained notice. The recent bachelor sale was a decidedly unique one and the affair of last evening was no ordinary event. The details of the arrangements were carefully planned and the affair proved to be a social success. The hall was tastefully arranged with Japanese lanterns and bright colors.

"In the grand march, which opened the season of dancing, each participant was given a valentine containing the dance order and many pretty verses. With his order was a number and a corresponding number was secured by one of the opposite sex, and the committee members probably feel that they have done something toward answering the question sent out on the invitation cards, 'Why don't somebody ask somebody to be somebody's valentine?'

"In the success of the undertaking the members did not forget the cry of the Socialists, and in a prominent place on the dance order was printed: 'Workingmen of all nations unite. You have nothing to lose, but your chains and the world to gain.'"

Some time ago I saw a Woman's Branch representing some Western State mentioned in the Homestretch fund, and I thought perhaps that since our entertainments were so successful, a report of them might be worth printing, as it might be a source of inspiration to our sister organizations.

We are expected, I understand, to give the people of Olneyville something original after Easter. Our thinking caps must therefore be donned. Perhaps the readers of The People could or would suggest something unique.

Very sincerely,

Mrs. H. J. Murray.

72 Appleton St., Prov., R. I., March 2.

A SUGGESTION.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—As the time is approaching for a national convention of the Socialist Labor Party, I would like to have the comrades consider the advisability of holding a national convention annually. It seems to me that a national convention held annually would be of benefit to the party. A grand entertainment of some sort could be held in connection with each convention, the proceeds of which would be held to defray the expense. An annual convention would be the means of engendering greater and deeper enthusiasm and interest and keep the party organized up to date. It would also be a means of parrying blows aimed at the party's welfare either from within or from without.

Granville F. Lombard.

Rutland, Mass., March 1.

HOW THE O. R. T. "PERSUADES" MEMBERSHIP.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Three years ago, realizing the impotency of the Order of Railway Telegraphers, and the inability to confer lasting benefits upon the telegraphers, I severed my connection with that organization. I was also made to feel, at that time, how completely under the thumb of one man the order is, and that man, "Hank" Perham. He is the individual who tries to instill into the youths who comprise the major portion of his order, how essential the capitalist is, because he gives the laborer work, and how identical their interests are while organizing in opposition to his capitalist partner to get less than 15 per cent. of the dividends of the firm.

"Hank" considers himself and fellow workers above and beyond criticism, and was particularly indignant at my temerity in attempting to dim the lustre of the second-hand halo which he imagines sheds its religious glow upon the alabaster brow of Soapy Sammy Gompers.

"Hank" always has space in his fakir's above and beyond criticism, and was particularly indignant at my temerity in attempting to dim the lustre of the second-hand halo which he imagines sheds its religious glow upon the alabaster brow of Soapy Sammy Gompers.

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"Hank" always has space in his fakir's above and beyond criticism, and was particularly indignant

OFFICIAL

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
Ruhn, Secretary, 2-6 New Reade street, New York.
SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY OF CANADA—
National Secretary, C. A. Waller, 206½ Dundas street, London, Ont.
NEW YORK LABOR NEWS COMPANY, 2-6 New Reade street, New York City. The Party's literary agency.
Notice—For technical reasons no Party announcements can go in that are not in the office by Tuesday, 10 p.m.

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
Regular meeting held on March 4, at 2-6 New Reade street, J. Hammer in the chair. Absent without excuse, A. Gillhaus. The financial report showed receipts, \$104.06; expenditures, \$50.43.

Communications: From St. Paul, Minn., on the matter of a controversy with the organizer of the Section. The communication was received and the incident is considered closed. From the Massachusetts S. E. C., remitting funds for Daily People loan certificates from the proceeds of a fair. From Chicago, Ill., urging trial of a comrade of that city as a canvasser for the Party Press. From Wisconsin S. E. C., in reply to the decision of the N. E. C. on the controversy with the Labor News Co., and asking that the N. E. C. review its decision. Upon motion, the matter was turned over to the same committee that had handled the matter before. From the California S. E. C., reporting the expulsion of Chas. Pierson upon charges brought by Section "San Francisco" for conduct unbefitting a member. From Nome, Alaska, by a former member at Butte, Mont., and Seattle, Wash., inquiring about Party affairs and depicting conditions prevailing in Alaska. From Butte, Mont., asking for information about the expulsion of T. A. Hickey, and for copies of documents bearing upon that case. These documents being in possession of Section New York, the request was referred to that body. From the R. I. S. E. C., reporting the suspension of Section Pawtucket, the reorganization of which is to be taken in hand at once.

The National Agitation Fund Committee reported the completion of the first stages of its work, and that matter connected with the work of the committee had been sent throughout the country.

Section Westchester County, N. Y., and Section Marion, Ind., reported election of new officers. Section New Haven, Conn., reported to have elected a new organizer.

The circulation department reported that the response to the circular of February 15 has been meager. The department was instructed to issue at once another urgent call for action along the lines indicated. Edward C. Schmidt, Recording Secretary.

MASSACHUSETTS FAIR COMMITTEE.
Meetings held February 23 and March 2, in Section Boston's Headquarters. Comrade D. Enger, chairman; all delegates present.

Minutes of previous meeting adopted as read.

Correspondence from Comrade Delby, of Seattle, Wash., donating 25 copies of the communistic manifesto, in Danish-Norwegian, accepted and turned over to Literature Committee.

Moved, That Comrades Chabot, Berry and Gallagher were elected. Ordered, that 500 circulars be printed and sent to Sections and members at large, giving result to those who handled tickets.

Moved, That Comrades Chabot and Carroll assist Comrade Young in counting the contest books the closing night of the fair.

Ordered, That the Executive Committee give complimentary tickets for the auction and dance to those who assisted at the fair.

Voted, To adjourn until March 2.

Correspondence relative to another 23 copies being sent of the Norwegian edition of the communistic manifesto, also taking to advertise them at the fair, voted to see if the Scandinavian Socialist Club would take charge of the remainder. Bills received and ordered paid.

Ordered, That a list of the donors of presents to the fair be sent to The People and The Arbeiter.

Moved, that a vote of thanks be sent to the talent for making the entertainment a success.

On the election of officers and committees to have charge of the auction and dance, the following were appointed: Floor manager, Comrade Callan; auctioneer, Comrade Krouthit at the door, Comrades A. Petersen, Nelson, Burnham and Williamson; check rooms, Swanson, Anderson, Mrs. Ballhaus and Mrs. Vickstrom; refreshment, Groneros, Huitberg, Mrs. Sasche and Mrs. Hess; sides, Hanson, Berry, E. Anderson, Hojstrom and Hojebund. Comrades will take notices and be on time early Saturday evening, March 12, at Minot Hall.

Voted, that treasurer of Fair Committee be instructed, to turn over one hundred and sixty dollars to the secretary of the General Committee, Massachusetts S. L. P.

Moved to adjourn until Wednesday evening 8 p.m., March 16.

John Sweeney, Secretary.

Workingmen's Mutual Sick and Benevolent Society meets every first and third Wednesday at 501 East Eighty-second street.

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS
An Old and Well-Tried Remedy
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN AND INFANTS
OF THE SOFTEST SUGAR. IT OUTDOES THE
CHAMOMILE AND GINGER CURE. IT IS
A MILD COUGH REMEDY. IT IS
SOFT, SMOOTH AND EASY TO SWALLOW.
It is sold by druggists in every part of the world. It is safe and safe for
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,
A MILD COUGH REMEDY.

FREE LECTURES

HELD BY SECTIONS OF THE SOCIAL-IST LABOR PARTY.

Boston, Mass.
Sunday, March 13—"Organization." Speaker, Jas. A. Branahan.
At Party Headquarters, at 1165 Tremont street, Sundays, at 8 p.m.

Buffalo, N. Y.
Friday, March 11—Orcus A. Curtis, on "The Obsolete and Modern Trades-Unionism."

Friday, March 18—Willard C. Vinten, on "Effect of Labor Saving Machinery on the Working Class."

At 8:15 p.m. sharp, at Louis Kries' Hall, 232 William street, near Walnut street (two flights up).

Sunday, March 13—Attorney Charles B. Wheeler, on "Civil Service."

At 3:15 p.m., under the auspices of the Labor Lyceum, in Florence Parlors, 527 Main, near Genesee street.

Columbus, Ohio.
Meetings at Odd Fellows' Temple, 198 1-2 South High street, every Sunday, at 2:30, standard time.

Detroit, Mich.
Sunday, March 13—"The Capitalist Class." Herman Richter.
At Mannebach's Hall, 273 Gratiot avenue, on Sunday afternoon, at 2:30 p.m.

East St. Louis, Ill.
Sunday, March 13—"The Social Effects of Machinery." Will Cox.

At 2:30 p.m., at Launtz Hall, Fifth and Missouri avenue.

No lecture will be held on March 20. The members of Section East St. Louis will join Section St. Louis, Mo., in celebrating the Paris Commune on that date.

St. Louis, Mo.
Lectures at Russell Hall, southwest corner Broadway and Russell avenue, every fourth Sunday in the month, at 2:30 p.m.

Lectures at Benton Hall, southeast corner of Fourteenth and Benton streets, every first Sunday in the month, at 2:30 p.m.

These lectures are free to the public and open for discussion. Members of the working class are especially invited to attend them. All are welcome.

ST. LOUIS COMMUNE CELEBRATION.

Celebration of the thirty-second anniversary of the Paris Commune, under the auspices of Section St. Louis, Socialist Labor Party, at Dewey Hall, Broadway and Shenandoah street, Sunday, March 20, 2:30 p.m.

Programme.

S. L. P. Tactics. Wm. Cox.

Lessons of the Paris Commune. Mrs. Olive M. Johnson.

Necessity of Working-Class Organization. Philip Veal.

Internationality of the Working Class. Chas. M. Johnson.

Musical Selections. Max Biell.

All workingmen invited to attend. Admission free.

DETROIT COMMUNE CELEBRATION.

Section Detroit, Mich., will celebrate the anniversary of the Paris Commune by a concert to be held at Mannebach's (upper) Hall, 273 Gratiot avenue, on Sunday, March 20, at 2:30 p.m.

Programme.

1. Selection. Wiedoeft's Family Orchestra.

2. Recitations.

3. Song.

4. Address—Comrade F. A. Bohn, Ann Arbor, Mich.

5. Recitations.

6. Marseillaise—Wiedoeft's Family Orchestra.

Admission free. Everybody invited.

CLEVELAND COMMUNE CELEBRA-TION.

On Sunday, March 20, 3 p.m., Section Cleveland, Ohio, will hold its annual Commune celebration at Germania Hall on Erie street. The committee on programme, consisting of Comrades Koepel and Hauser, are confident that arrangements so far consummated promise an enjoyable as well as interesting and instructive programme, to be followed by grand ball.

All readers of The People are cordially invited to attend, together with their friends, this annual affair, which is growing in popularity every year. Tickets can be procured in advance from Party members at twenty-five cents each, admitting couple. At the gate the price is fifty cents. The Organizer.

HARTFORD COMMUNE CELEBRA-TION.

Section Hartford S. L. P. will celebrate the Paris Commune at its hall, 802 Main street, Saturday, March 12. Comrade Daniel De Leon will be present, as he is to give a lecture at Germania Hall, Sunday, March 13, 3 p.m. Let all comrades and sympathizers try their best to make this meeting a success.

Organizer.

SECTION MILWAUKEE, ATTENTION!

All members of Section Milwaukee are requested to attend the special meeting to be held on Saturday, March 12, at F. Locke's Hall, 327 Sherman street, corner Fourth street. Meeting called at 8 p.m.

The purpose of this meeting is to make nominations of ward candidates for the city election, to be held April 4. Every member of the Section should be present.

The Organizer.

THE DAILY PEOPLE HOME-STRETCH FUND.

UNDER THIS HEAD WILL BE PUB-
ISHED ALL DONATIONS MADE FOR
THE LAST FINAL EFFORT TO CLEAR
UP THE BALANCE OF THE DEBT
ON THE DAILY PEOPLE PRINTING
PLANT. THAT BALANCE, ON NO-
VEMBER 15, WAS \$4,643, PLUS IN-
TEREST. WATCH AND SEE HOW
THE FIGURES OF THE "HOME-
STRETCH FUND" GET UP TO IT.

Previously acknowledged.....\$3,614.50
J. B. Dillon, Nat. Mil. Home, Ind. 1.50
C. Schrafft, Jersey City, N. J. 2.00
J. D. Jersey City, N. J. 2.00
C. Forbes, Phila., Pa. 10.00
Geo. Bippert, Blossom, Erie Co. 1.00
"Julius," Buffalo, N. Y. 50
Silas Hinkel, Reading, Pa. 25
T. M. Riedy, Lowell, Mass. 50
J. Trautwein, Kansas City, Mo. 5.00
Soz. Liederlauf, Cleveland O. 23.20
Prof. Hamm, Cleveland, O. 2.00
R. McDonough, Pittsburgh, Pa. 1.00
F. Stuffer, Hartford, Conn. 3.00
L. Newhouse, Hartford, Conn. 2.00
See North Hudson, N. J. 5.00
M. Fuller, Sherburne, N. Y. 25

Total \$3,673.70
Note.—Through a typographical error in list of February 28, E. Rauner, San Jose, Cal., was credited with \$1, which should have been \$2. The total, however, was correct.

SPECIAL FUND.

(As per circular letter of Sept. 3, 1901.)

Previously acknowledged.....\$8,148.00
O. Ruckser, Cranford, N. J. 10.00
N. Trauchman, City. 5.00
A. Scheffel, City. 2.00
Mrs. Brauckmann, City. 20.00
D. Brauckmann, City. 15.00
P. Tuomey, City. 1.00
D. Rudnick, City. 1.00
I. Azzione, West Hoboken, N. J. 50
J. Ebert, Brooklyn, N. Y. 5.00
A. C. Kuhn, Brooklyn, N. Y. 5.00
A. Francis, City. 2.00
H. Warlett, Brooklyn, N. Y. 2.00
M. Shaynin, City. 3.00
Marcianna, City. 1.00
D. Baer, City. 50
J. A. Orme, City. 1.00
E. Moonels, City. 1.00
F. Grubb, City. 1.00
H. Darzynski, City. 1.00
J. Paul, City. 1.00
F. Keenan, City. 1.00
J. Lutkinhaus, City. 1.00
J. Donahue, City. 1.00
L. Kobel, City. 1.00
A. Gilhama, City. 1.00
J. Eck, Hoboken, N. J. 5.00
J. L. Howard, City. 5.00
H. D. Deutch, City. 1.00
A. E. Pearson, City. 4.00
Wm. Olson, City. 2.00
Wm. Heyman, City. 5.00
M. Funke, City. 50
Meyewitz, City. 2.00
O. Sherrane, City. 1.00
J. Baldelli, Brooklyn, N. Y. 7.00
E. J. Troy, City. 1.00
A. Chambers, City. 1.00
H. Nitzselder, City. 1.00
J. Wolf, City. 1.00
D. H. Graney, City. 1.00
Don Riess, City. 1.00
Chas. Gamsu, City. 1.00
L. Pilott, City. 1.00
Sixteenth A. D., City. 5.00
A. Moren, City. 5.00
L. M. Weider, City. 1.00
A. Ranz, City. 1.00
S. Moskowitz, City. 1.00
J. Lindgren, Brooklyn, N. Y. 5.00
C. S. Carr, City. 10.00
John Kely, City. 1.00
Balance above rent of hall, collected at meeting, Feb. 28. John Hossack, Jersey City, N. J. 5.00
J. T. V. City. 4.00
H. Kuhn, Brooklyn, N. Y. 5.00
F. A. Liese, City. 5.00
M. Lechner, City. 10.00
R. Hossack, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2.00
J. A. Schwartz, 4th and 10th A. D., Brooklyn, N. Y. 25
A. Ruhnke, 4th and 10th A. D., Brooklyn, N. Y. 25

Total \$8,353.97
MISSOURI STATE COMMITTEE.

Minutes of the Missouri State Committee meeting, held March 1: Billbarrow in chair. Absent, with excuse, Poelling.

Communications: From Illinois State Committee; received and filed. From Labor News Co., quoting prices on literature; laid over to next meeting. From Minden Mines, Mo., one voting yes on question No. 2, one voting no on question No. 1, on matter of sending delegate to National Convention. From Kansas City, dealing on Party matters; received and filed. From Section St. Louis, asking for vote on sending delegate to National Convention; secretary instructed to send out vote.

The plan of the National Campaign Fund Committee received and referred to Sections. Voting blanks on convention received. Agitation Committee reports no plan of agitation yet decided upon.

Financial report: Previously on hand, \$4.63; receipts, \$1.20; expenses, 83 cents; balance, \$4.90. J. Feitman, Rec. Secy Pro Tem.

Organizer.

SECTION MILWAUKEE, ATTENTION!

All members of Section Milwaukee are requested to attend the special meeting to be held on Saturday, March 12, at F. Locke's Hall, 327 Sherman street, corner Fourth street. Meeting called at 8 p.m.

The purpose of this meeting is to make nominations of ward candidates for the city election, to be held April 4. Every member of the Section should be present.

Organizer.

STURZ PIANO.

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AT 142 LINCOLN AVE.

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DEVELOPMENT OF CAPITALISM.

(Continued from page 1.)

is money bought them." Let us see that? Where did you get that money? We assume him to be an honest capitalist according to capitalist ethics, not of the kind that makes a failure and starts a bank or has repeated fires and comes out millionaires; but a real honest capitalist. He would, however, never in the wide world save a million by working for wages at from \$1 to \$5 a day; but only by "working the workers," consequently that original accumulation in itself is stolen goods. Moreover, it is estimated that the average duration of machinery and workshop is seven years. During every period of seven years, therefore, the workers reproduce the machines and factories, besides paying dividends to and feeding all manner of useless parasites. Consequently the means of production, being the products of labor, belong to the working class.

Again, how about the inventions? First, it is a notable fact that most of America's great inventors, as Whitney, Howe and others have died in abject poverty, while some capitalist or other has reaped millions out of their inventions. Who are the inventors to-day? Surely, not the useless set who sit upon soft cushions in luxurious palaces and never see or hear machines. Surely, not the political tricksters and financial vagabonds who buy legislatures and corrupt labor fakirs. Most of the inventions today are not of machines, but parts of machines, little innocent looking applications, and these are made in the workshop by workers who are continually in contact with these machines, who understand their movements and realize their little needs. But, again, as these applications are of no use outside of the machine itself, the workman has no alternative but to show it to the boss, who either buys it for little or nothing, as it is no good to the workman, or simply appropriates it, and, if the inventor kicks, he receives an incentive to genius in his "walking papers." The workers made the inventions, so they belong to the working class.

Not only do the products and instruments of labor NOT belong to the capitalist, but all progress is the accumulated experience of past ages, consequently it is preposterous to suppose that one little, silly, idle, debauched class can have any right, moral, legal, human or otherwise, to draw the sole benefit of the accumulated experience of all ages—in other words, to expropriate humanity of the inheritance of the human race.